

FIG. 1 PRIOR ART

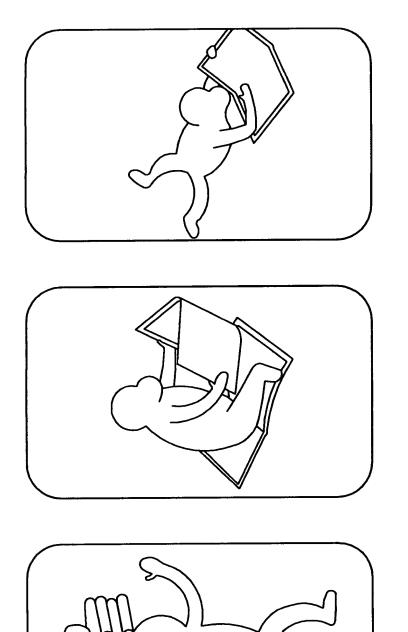
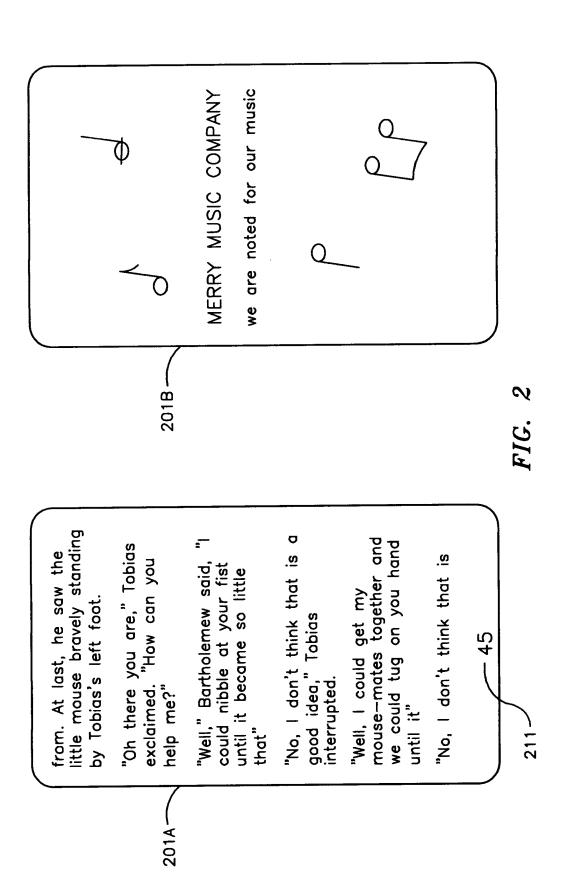


FIG. 1B PRIOR ART



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cat chased Bartholemew and Woodrow around the heart—shaped swimming pool. She slyly cornered them by the diving board and arched her back to pounce. In deperation, the little mice closed their eyes, held their noses and dove head first into the water.

The cat watched the tiny bubbles and waited. She knew they would have to come up for air or they would drown. After a minute had passed, both Bartholemew and Woodrow shot up to the surface, gasping for breath.

"Tread water," Tobias shouted at them.

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and they ran up the stairs to the second floor. The burglars spotted them and gave chase.

"Let's hide in here." one of them said. Quickly, Tobias and Tyler, Bartholemew and Woodrow ducked into the playroom and shut the door.

"Move the chair over,"
Woodrow ordered in his best
John Wayne voice. "We'll use
it to barricade the door."

"I can't. It's too heavy"
Bartholemew whispered,
holding one hand against the
chair and the other against
his aching back.

Once upon a time there was a boy named Tobias. He lived in a big house with his mommy, his daddy, and his younger brother Tyler. Every day Tobias and Tyler would play a game of hide and seek.

One day while Tabias was searching for his brother, he discovered a mouse hale on the west wall of the dining room. Tobias put his hand inside the hole and felt around in the dark cold space. Then he tried to pull out his hand, but it would not budge. Tobias's hand was stuck. The more he tried to pull it out, the more stuck his hand became

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inside the mouse hole.

"Help!" Tobias cried out.
But he knew that nobody
could hear him. His Mom and
Dad were out in the yard
tending their garden and Tyler
was still hiding in his secret
place.

What am I going to do? How am I ever going to free my hand?" Tobias wondered outload.

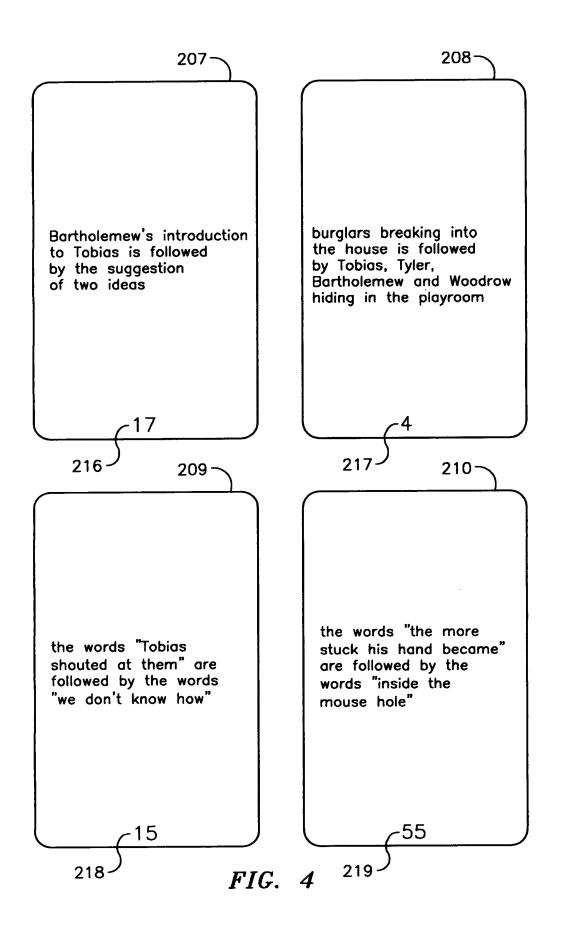
"I'll help you boy. My name is Bartholemew Mouse and your hand is blocking the entrance to my house." Tobias could not believe his ears. He looked all around to see where the tiny voice was coming

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FIG. 3



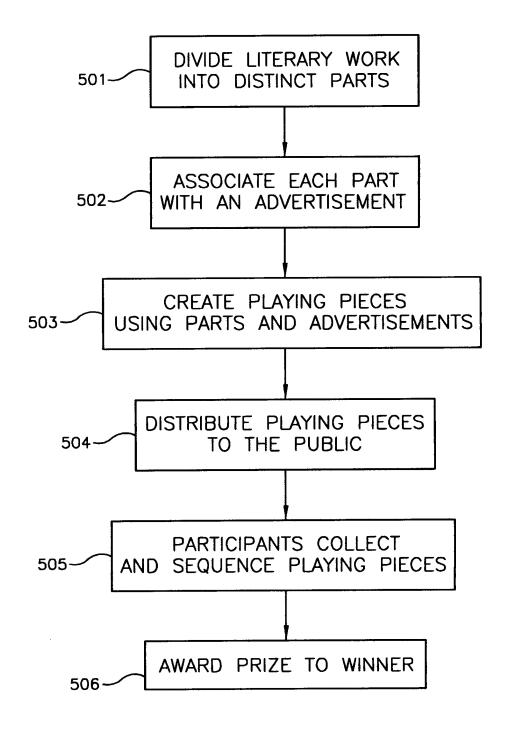
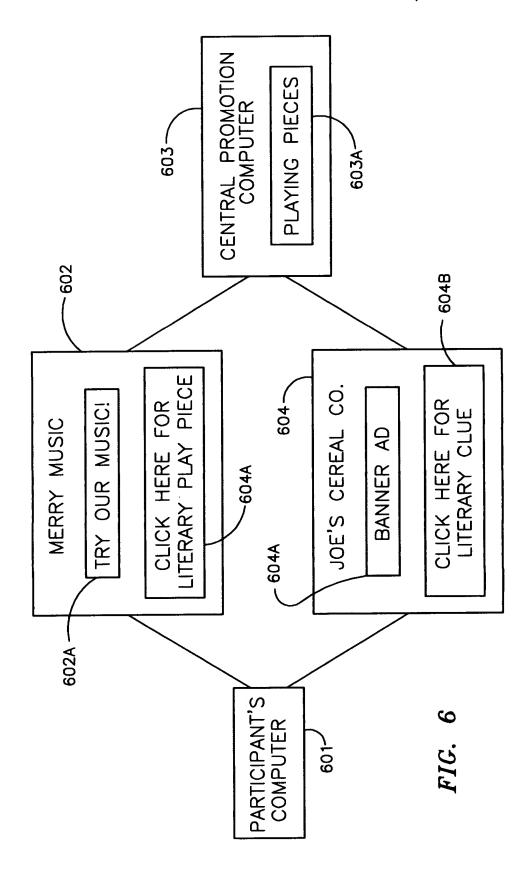
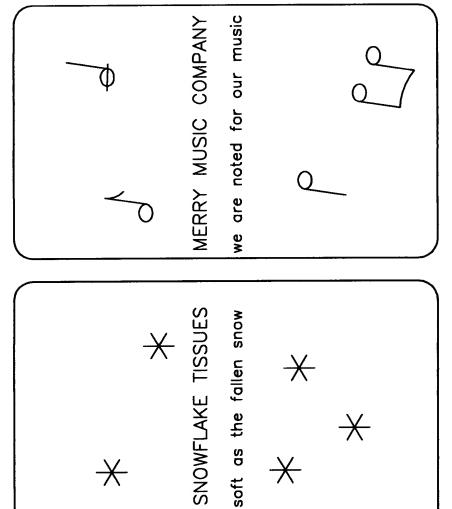


FIG. 5





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PATRICK HENRY TEA

FIG. 7

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